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M A T R I M O N Y.
A D I A L O G U E.

Translated from *ERASMUS*.

Mrs. Snap and Mrs. Easy.

Mrs. Easy. GOOD Morrow to you, good Mrs.
Snap.



Mrs. Snap. And to you, my
Dear: Why you look prettier than
usual, this Morning!

E. What, do you begin with
your Jeers already?

S. No, upon my Word; I
really think you do.

E. Perhaps then, 'tis my new Gown that sets me off a little.

VOL. III.

Z z

S. That

S. That may very well be; for I never saw a prettier thing in my Life. What, 'tis *English* Cloth, is it not?

E. The Wool was from *England*; but 'twas dyed at *Venice*.

S. Lord, it feels softer than any Silk! and what a genteel, pleasing Scarlet 'tis of! Pray, who made you this fine Present?

E. He that best should do it; my Husband.

S. How happy are you, to have met with such a Husband! but as for mine,—I would rather have been marry'd to a Post.

E. For God's sake, what was that you was saying? have you had any Differences then already?

S. How is it possible not to differ with such a Wretch, as I have got?—You see, how ragged he keeps me. —I'll be hang'd if I am not quite ashamed to stir out of Doors; when I see every Day how well other People go drest, whose Husbands can't afford it half so well as mine.

E. Ah, my dear Friend! the best Dress for a Woman, (as our Doctor said t'other Day in the Pulpit) is not the Dress of her Body, but her Virtue, and the Ornaments of her Mind. Loose Women must dress out, to take the Eyes of People; but an honest Woman is sufficiently set off, if she looks well in the Eyes of her Husband.

S. And yet my good Man, that is so exceeding frugal to his Wife, can sling away the large Fortune he received with me, with both his Hands, for other Things!

E. For what other Things, pray?

S. Why, for just what he pleases;—his Wine,—and Women,—and Dice——

E. Lord, my Dear, why do you speak so loud?

S. 'Tis but the Truth, and I don't care who hears it. And, at Night, when I have been laying and expecting him, God knows how long; in reels he, as drunk as *David's* Sow; flounces down by my Side; snores all Night long; neglects me, spoils all my Sheets, &c——

E. St! consider that you disgrace yourself, when you are disparaging your Husband.

S. Let me die, if I would not rather lie with a Hog, than with such a Beast of a Husband, as he is!

E. And don't you rattle him for all this?

S. Yes, I give him his own: I let him know, that I have a Tongue in my Head, I'll warrant you.

E. And how does he take it?

S. Why,

S. Why, at first he us'd to endeavour to raise his Voice to as high a Pitch as mine, and imagined, like a Fool as he was, to out-scold me.

E. And did these Quarrels of yours never come to something worse?

S. We were once exceedingly near it.

E. Lord preserve you!

S. He shook his Cudgel at me, roar'd like a great Ox, and threaten'd——

E. And was not you frighten'd out of our Wits?

S. No, marry was not I: I ran immediately, and caught up the Cricket; and if he had touch'd me with one of his Fingers, I would certainly have broke his Head for him.

E. What a Shield you was forced to make use of!——

S. I don't believe but what I'm as strong as he.

E. Ah, my Dear, this is not right!

S. Not right! Sure if he won't use me like a Christian, I should be glad to use him like a Dog.

E. But don't you consider, that we are taught to submit ourselves to our Husbands, and to look upon them as our Lords and Masters?

S. That may be: But then they ought to love and cherish us. Let him but remember to do his Duty, and I warrant you I'll do mine.

E. But when Things are come to that pass, that one must give way to the other, certainly 'tis proper that the Wife should yield to her Husband.

S. But how can I call him a Husband, who uses me only like a Servant?

E. Well, but pray tell me—Did this Behaviour of yours make him leave off threatening you?

S. Yes, that it did; and 'twas well for him, that it did so: for otherwise I should have comb'd his Head for him.

E. But you did not leave off your scolding at him, for all that?

S. Nor will, while I live.

E. And what does he do while you are scolding?

S. He! why, sometimes he falls asleep; sometimes he will look round, and laugh at me; and sometimes he will take up an old Kit that he has got, with scarce three Strings to it, and fall a scraping upon it, as loud as ever he can, to drown my Voice.

E. And does not that provoke you a good deal?

S. O, more than I can express to you!—I could be glad to scratch his Eyes out.

E. My dear Friend, will you give me leave to open my Mind to you freely?——

S. With all my heart.

E. I shall be always glad, if you will use the same Freedom with me; and indeed who should use this Openness to one another, if we should not, who have been acquainted so intimately, quite from our Cradles?

S. That we have; and of all my Acquaintance, there never was any one that I loved so dearly as I do you.

E. Why then,—in the first Place, for God's sake consider, that whatever sort of Man your Husband may be, there is no getting rid of him, at present. Formerly, when married Couples disagreed, they could be divorced. There was that Remedy at least, when Things could not be made up. But now even that is taken away; and he must be your Husband, and you must be his Wife, as long as you are both in the Land of the Living.

S. A Mischief take those, who took that Remedy away from us.

E. Take care what you say! 'twas our Saviour himself that did it.

S. I can hardly believe that.

E. It certainly was. And the only thing now left us, to restore the Marriage Union, is by conforming ourselves to each other's Temper and Manners, as much as we can.

S. What! would you have me new mould my Fellow entirely?

E. Depend upon it, Husbands are, in a great measure, whatever their Wives have a mind to make them.

S. Why, pray now, how do you and your Husband agree?

E. Extremely well,—at present.

S. It has not been always so well, then?

E. It has never been quite bad with us. Now and then some little Differences have arisen; which might have grown to a Quarrel, had not it been prevented by a mutual Compliance of Tempers. Each Person has his particular Inclinations, Humours, and Faults; these, in Matrimony in particular, we ought to get acquainted with, without being fretted with them, if possible.

S. True.

E. Now it often happens in Matrimony, that the Parties lose their mutual Complaisance, at first, for want of being acquainted

quainted with each other's Tempers: And this is a Fault that should be guarded against at the first setting out. For after they have once taken a Dislike to one another, 'tis very difficult to reconcile them; especially if it has run to high Words, and severe Reproaches. When you have mended a Piece of China, you must take great care of it at first; for then the least Accident will break it; but give it time to dry, and it will stand a good Shock. In the same manner, one must use one's utmost Endeavours at first, that the Friendship begun between a new-married Couple should grow stronger and firmer; and that is best done by conforming to one another's Tempers: For that Love which is founded only on Beauty, is of a very short Continuance.

S. But pray tell me, by what Arts did you bring your Husband to conform himself to your Temper?

E. I'll tell you, that you may do the same.

S. Ay, if that's possible!

E. Nothing is more easy, if you have a mind to it: For he is young, and so are you; and, I think, you have not been married a full Year yet.

S. Not quite.

E. I'll tell you then;—but you must promise never to speak of it.

S. That I do, most heartily.

E. My first Care was, to make myself as agreeable to my Husband in every thing as I could, and to do nothing that could give him any Pain. I studied his Inclinations and Taste; the very Times and Seasons of his doing Things; what was apt to please him, and what to fret him; as much as those do, who tame Elephants and Lions, or any other savage Creatures, which are not to be subdued by Force.

S. Just such a sort of Beast is that which I have got at home!

E. Those who manage Elephants, never go in to them in white Cloaths; and those who manage wild Bulls, never go in to them in red; because these are the Colours which are apt to put those Creatures in a Passion: Like your Tigers, which will be driven into such a Fury at the Sound of a Drum, that they will even tear their own Flesh for Rage. You see, that even those who manage Horses, have their Words and Sounds, and their patting and stroaking them upon the Neck, to mollify and tame them. How much more ought a Woman to study all the Arts of taming her Man; when they are obliged to live always in the same House, and to lie in the very same Bed together?

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S. Pray

S. Pray go on with the Methods you made use of.

E. When I had thoroughly studied his Inclinations and Taste, I took care to avoid doing any thing that should offend him.

S. How could you manage that?

E. In the first Place, in the Management of all Household Affairs, which belongs, you know, more particularly to the Wife, I took great care not only that nothing should be wanting, but that every thing should agree with his Taste, even to the smallest Trifles.

S. As how?

E. Why, suppose my Husband liked one sort of Meat more than another; or loved such a Thing roast, rather than boil'd; or chose to have his Bed made in such a particular manner——

S. But what could you have done to oblige a Man, that is either always from home, or as drunk as a Beast when he comes home?

E. Stay a little; I shall come to that by and by. If my Husband was in a graver Fit than ordinary, and seem'd thoughtful; I did not use to fall a tittering and fondling of him, as many Women are too apt to do, but put on a grave and thoughtful Air myself. For as a Looking-glass, if 'tis good, always gives you the very Face and Air of the Person who regards it, so should a good Wife reflect the Temper of her Husband; and not be gay when he is sad, nor chearful when he seems to be in Pain. If ever he happen'd to be angry with me for any thing, I either softened him by my mild Answers, or yielded to his Passion, in Silence, till that began to go off; and so gave me the time either of excusing myself, or tenderly admonishing him. I used to do much the same whenever he came home any thing flush'd with Liquor: I took care then to say nothing to him, but what was gay and lively; and to use no other Method to get him to Bed, but my Affection and my Caresses.

S. But how wretched must the Condition of us Wives be, to be obliged thus to comply with all the Passions and Follies of our Husbands!

E. Don't you think then, that this Complaisance must be mutual, and that they are obliged to bear as much from our Humours, as we are from them? There are some Things too, in which a Woman may be obliged to advise her Husband; but that should never be, but on weighty Affairs; for as to Trifles, 'tis better to let them pass, as if you had not seen or observed any thing of them.

S. And how then?

E. When

E. When you see he is quite at Leisure, and quite in a good Humour, in one of his clearest and calmest Hours, take an Opportunity when you are alone together to advise him, or rather to entreat him, to have a little more Regard in such and such an Affair, to his Circumstances, his Reputation, or his Health; and even this kind Sort of Advice should be intermix'd and soften'd with some enlivening Turn and gentle Endearments. Sometimes I begin with begging him to promise me not to be angry with me for what I am going to say to him; that I am but a weak Woman, and am perhaps but too much concern'd for any thing that I think may affect him so nearly. As soon as ever I have told him what I wanted to say, I always turn away the Discourse to something else, and as much as I can, to something that may be diverting. For the great and most general Fault of us Women is, that when once we have began to talk of any thing, we don't know how to leave off.

S. Yes, yes, we are told of that often enough.

E. One thing I always took particular Care of, never to differ with my Husband before Company; nor ever to say any thing of our Differences out of the House. A Quarrel is much more easily made up when it has went no farther than yourselves. But if any thing should happen of such a Nature, that it can neither be born, nor can be cur'd by private Admonitions, if we must complain to some Body else, in order to get it amended; in all such Cases, 'tis more proper to speak of it to your Husband's Relations than to your own; and to temper your Complaint in such a Manner, that they may see it is not your Husband, but his Fault that you are angry with; and don't lay it out so fully as it might bear, that when it comes to be talk'd over, your Husband himself may see that you have spared him, and find himself in Part oblig'd to you, even in your Complaints.

S. Why, one must be a downright Philosopher to be able to do all this.

E. By this means you will oblige him to use you as tenderly, if there shou'd be any Occasion.

S. But there are People, I can tell you, that 'tis impossible to oblige.

E. I don't think so; but suppose there was, the first thing to be consider'd is, that let our Husbands Tempers be ever so bad, there is no Help for us, we must bear with them; 'tis therefore better to try to soften them by all the good-natur'd Methods we can think of, than to aggravate them, and make them

them every Day worse and worse, by our Opposition. But what if I cou'd give you Instances of Husbands that have got the better of their Wives ill Temper by good Usage? And are not we oblig'd to try the same Methods to get the better of theirs?

S. I am sure, if you want any such Instance, you must not go to our House for it.

E. There is a certain Gentleman that I am very well acquainted with, that will help me to one. He is a Scholar, a Man of particular good Sense, and great Knowledge of the World. He married a young Lady that was but Seventeen, and who had had no Education but that which was to be got in the old Mansion-House of her Father, who was a meer Country Gentleman, and a great Fox-hunter. My Friend did not make any Objection to this, because he thought that he cou'd the better form her to his own Mind; and so after they were married, he began to teach her to Read, and to play upon the Harpsichord, and in short, endeavour'd to instruct her in every thing that might make her fit to appear in the World. She, who had never been used to learn any thing in her Life, and who had passed all her time in nothing but sauntering, and romping with the Servants, cou'd not bear this Alteration; she abominated every thing that he wanted to teach her, grew stubborn, and when he endeavour'd to talk her out of her ill Humour, wou'd burst out into endless Fits of crying and sobbing, and sometimes went so far, as to fling herself down upon the Ground, and beat her Head against the Floor, as if she had a Mind to destroy herself. As my Friend found there was no Likelihood of his getting the better of this Stubbornness of her Temper, he put the best Face upon the Matter that he cou'd, and desir'd her to take an Airing with him to her Father's, to divert her a little. That Proposal his Wife join'd in with very readily. When they came there, he left my young Lady with her Mother and Sisters, and took a Ride out himself with her Father, who was mounting for his usual Sport. Whilst they were out, he took an Opportunity of separating him from the rest of the Company, and when they were alone together, told him, "That he had hop'd to have met with an amiable Companion for Life in his Daughter; but that on the contrary, she did nothing but cry, and vex herself; that every thing he cou'd say to her had proved ineffectual; and that he therefore begg'd his Assistance toward getting the better of her Obstinacy and ill Humours." The old Gentleman reply'd, that he had given his Daughter up to him, and that if she did not mind what he said to her, the Power was in his

own Hands, and he might Horfe whip her into good Temper if he had a Mind to it. My Friend said, that he was sensible that was in his Power; but that he was unwilling to apply the last Remedy, if a Cure cou'd be brought about by any other Means; and that he hop'd it might be done by the Assistance of his Advice and Authority. On this, the old Gentleman promised to try what he cou'd do with her; and a Day or two after, when only he and his Daughter were sitting in the Garden together, he put on a very severe Look, and began with her in the following Manner. "You can't but know, Child, that you are a very plain Girl, and that you are full as ill-natur'd as you are ugly. With these Qualifications I did not think it wou'd ever have been in my Power to get any Body to marry you; however, after beating about a great deal of Ground, I did at last spring this Gentleman for you, and a worthy Gentleman he is as any in the County, one that many of your Betters, I can tell you, wou'd lick their Lips at; and yet you, like a perverse Thing as you are, never consider what Pains your Father has been at to settle you so well; nor what a Treasure you enjoy in such a Husband, but must be rebelling against him"—and then he swore a great Oath. The rest of his Speech was so often intermixt with the same Figure of Oratory, that I can't well repeat it to you; and in short, concluded with his threatening to break every Bone in her Skin, if she did not mend her Manners, and use her Husband as she ought to do. Upon this, poor Miss, struck with the Truth of what he said, and the Menaces he used, fell down upon her Knees, begg'd him to forgive her what was pass'd, and promised him to behave herself as she should do for the future. The old Gentleman told her, that she should take Care to be as good as her Word; and that if she wou'd be a good Girl, she should find that he wou'd be a good Father to her.

S. And what Effects had this?

E. When she left her Father, she retir'd into her Chamber, where she happen'd to find her Husband, and as soon as she saw him, she knelt down at his Feet, and said, "My dear Husband, hitherto I have neither known myself nor you; for the future you shall find me quite another Creature, only I beg you to forgive and forget my past Behaviour." Her Husband took her up in his Arms, and embraced her tenderly, and promised her that nothing should be wanting to make her happy on his Side, if she did but keep to her Resolution.

S. And did she keep to it?

E. To the very last Day of her Life; nor was there any thing ever after that she did not submit herself to with Pleasure, if she thought 'twould please her Husband; so great was the Love that from that time sprung up and grew between them. Several Years after this, she used frequently to bless herself for having met with such a Husband, who used this Method of reclaiming her, without which (as she own'd) she must have been the most good for nothing Creature in the Universe.

S. Ay, such Husbands are as rarely to be met with as a white Crow.

E. If 'twould not be too tiresome to you, I cou'd tell you another Story of a Man that was reclaim'd by the good Nature of his Wife, that happen'd but lately, and in our own Town here.

S. I have nothing in the World to do, and am never tir'd with your Conversation.

E. The Man is of as good a Family as any in the Place, and gives up the greatest Part of his Time (as most of our Gentry do) to Hunting. One Day when he was upon his Sports, he met with a young Girl, whose Mother liv'd in a poor Cottage in the Neighbourhood. He fell exceedingly in Love with her, tho' he was pretty far advanc'd in Years, and used to pass a great many of his Nights with her. Tho' he used to pretend Visits to some of his Brother Sportsmen, his Wife, (who was an exceeding good Woman) began to suspect the Truth of the Case, and upon Enquiry found out the Intrigue; and pretending one Day to make a Visit somewhere else, went to this old Woman's House, where she soon fish'd out the whole Affair; which Room they lay in, whence they got their Wine, and in what Manner they used to junket together. There was scarce any Furniture in the whole House, and the very Walls were naked. On this the Lady goes Home, and return'd the next Day with a whole Cart-Load of Furniture, There was a very pretty Chintz Bed, Chairs and Hangings of the same; a Set of Plate for the Side-board, and several other things that might be convenient. Beside all which she left a Purse of Guineas with the old Woman, and desir'd her that whenever the Gentleman came again, they wou'd treat him more handsomely than they had been used to do; and all the while did not say a Word of being his Wife, but pretended that she was his Sister. The next time her Husband stole thither, he was surpriz'd to see his Apartment so well set out, and his Entertainment so much mended. Whence, for God's Sake, is all this Finery? says he. Why, they said, there was

A Gentlewoman had called there, a Relation of his; that she had brought all those things with her, and had given Orders for his Reception in a better Manner than they cou'd have afforded without her Assistance. He immediately suspected that it was his Wife who had done this; and on his Return Home, ask'd her whether she had been there? She did not deny it. And why did you send all those good Things there? Why, my Dear, says she, you have been always used to live in a much better manner; I found that you must be at great Inconvenience there, and I thought it my Duty, since you must go there, to prevent your suffering, as much as I cou'd.

S. How monstrously good the poor Woman was! What, and send them a Bed too? Had I been in her Place, I wou'd rather have made a Bed of Brambles and stinging Nettles for them.

E. Only hear the End of it. The Gentleman was so struck with the Goodness and Sweetness of his Wife's Temper, that he broke off his Intrigue directly, kept constant to his Wife, and by doing so, soon began to find more Happiness with her than ever he had done Abroad.—I believe you know *Will Holland*?

S. Very well.

E. You know then, that he was young when he married his good old Woman.

S. Ay, he did not marry her, so much as her Fortune.

E. That's very true, he dislik'd her very much, and used to keep Company with a common Woman in the Neighbourhood, and very seldom din'd or supp'd at Home. What wou'd you have done now in this Case?

S. Done! Why I wou'd have flown to his Jilt and scratch'd her Eyes out, and when he was going out to sit with her, I wou'd have emptied the Chamber-pot upon his Head; he shou'd not have wanted for Liquor, I warrant him.

E. But how much more prudently did his Wife behave? She invited his Mistress to come and live in the House with them, and always treated her with a great deal of Civility. By this Means she kept her Husband from being so perpetually abroad, and if ever he did happen to sup out with her, she used to send them some pretty Dish or other, dress'd in as elegant a Manner as possible, with her Compliments and Wishes that they might pass their Time agreeably.

S. Well, for my Part, I had rather be in my Grave, than to play the Bawd so for my own Husband.

E. However, consider the Effects a little. Was not this better than to have confirm'd her Husband's Hatred to her, and to have been always at Daggers-drawing together?

S. It may be better, but I could never have brought myself to do so.

E. I'll give you one Instance more, and have done. Our good Neighbour here, at the next Door, who is a very worthy Man, but too apt to be in a Passion, beat his Wife sometime ago, tho' she is one of the best Wives in the World. She, poor Woman! retired into her Closet; and there sat venting her Grief in nothing but Sighs and Tears. Sometime after, her Husband happened to go in there for something that he wanted, and found his Wife in that melancholy Situation. "Hey dey! cry'd he, what have you kept crying and sobbing here for all this while, like a Child?" "And what would you have me do?" (replied she) is it not better for me to lament your ill Usage of me here, in Secret, than to have bawled it all over the Neighbourhood, in half this Time, as a great many Wives would have done?" This mild Answer of hers quite disarm'd his Passion, and convinced him of her Tenderness for his Reputation: the Thought of which made him ashamed of himself. In short, it ended in his taking her kindly by the Hand, and promising her that he would never suffer himself to be so far transported again as to strike her; and he has kept his Word ever since very faithfully.

S. I have brought mine to the same pass, though by a different Way.

E. But though you don't fight, you are quarrelling eternally.

S. And what can I do to help it?

E. First of all, you must pass over any ill Usage from him in Silence; and secondly, you must endeavour to win his Heart by Mildness, Civilities, and Endearments. By these Means you must conquer him in the End; or, at the least, you will make him more civil to you than he is at present.

S. He's of too obstinate a Temper to be tam'd by any thing I can do to him.

E. Ah! my Dear, don't think so. There is not any Beast so fierce, but that it may be tam'd by good Usage; and therefore, doubtless, any Man may. Only try a few Months, and if you don't succeed, I will own myself to be in the wrong. There are some Faults too, which you must not see. But above all things, I beg you would be careful of this, not to fall into any Disputes with your Husband in your Chamber, or when

when you are in Bed. Every thing there should be pleasing and agreeable; for if that Place, which is dedicated to the making Peace, and blotting out Offences, should be profan'd by Ill-humours, and hard Words, then adieu to all Hopes of Reconciliation! And yet there are some Wives so excessively ill-temper'd, that they will fall a quarrelling, or complaining even in their softest Moments; and so embitter that very Pleasure, which is so naturally adapted to take off any Remains of Dislike that might stick upon their Husbands Minds, from former Quarrels, or Disagreements; that they disappoint the End of it, and turn their very Remedies into Poisons.

S. Ay, that has happen'd to me a hundred times.

E. Though a Wife is to endeavour at all times not to give any Uneasiness, that is the time in which she is to be most careful of being entirely agreeable to her Husband.

S. Husband! why, I tell you, mine is a Beast.

E. Leave off speaking thus ill of him: If our Husbands are bad, 'tis generally our own Faults. But to go on with the Subject that I was upon: Those who deal in the Stories of the old Poets, tell us, that *Venus* (their Goddess of Matrimony) had a wonderful Girdle with all the Ingredients that are the strongest to procure Love inclosed in the Inside of it; and this, they say, she always put on when ever she was going to Bed to her Husband.

S. That's an old Fable.

E. But 'tis not a Fable without a Moral. The Meaning of it is, that a Woman, on those Occasions, shou'd do every thing she can to endear herself more to her Husband, or to recover his good Will if she had lost it.

S. But where shall we get this magic Girdle?

E. There's no need of Magic in the Case. To live as we ought to do, and to be always obliging, is the strongest and surest Method of winning the Heart of a Husband.

S. But I cannot bring myself to flatter, and care for such a Husband as mine is.

E. 'Tis your own Interest then, to make him otherwise than he is. If by consulting the Cunning-Man, you could get your Husband transformed into a Hog, or a Bear, would you do it?

S. I can't tell.

E. No! what would you rather have a Hog to lie with you than a Man?

S. No; I would rather have a Man for my Bedfellow.

E. Well,

E. Well, and if by the Help of the Cunning-Man, you could make a Husband that was a Sot quite sober, or one that was extravagant careful, or one that was indifferent fond, wou'd not you do it?

S. Undoubtedly: But what are the Arts that can work such Miracles?

E. Those Arts are in your own Hands, if you will but exert them. Your Husband you can't get rid of, but you may make him better, if you please; and the better you make him, the more do you consult your own Interest. At present you keep your Eyes fixt upon his Faults only, and that increases your Dislike to him continually: Every thing has a right and a wrong Side; you take your Husband always on the bad Side, and therefore hate him: use yourself to view him on the good, and you'll soon come to love him. Before you was married to him, then was the Time of Enquiry into his Faults. In chusing a Husband, one can't be too careful; for when once one is married, 'tis too late for Complaints; and if one discovers Faults then, all we have to do is to endeavour to mend them. Before one marries, one should not trust one's own Eyes; for they may lead one to marry only a beautiful Outside: one should study the Temper of a Man, learn what his most intimate Acquaintance say of him, and not neglect even what common Report says of him: one can't enquire too much into his Faults then; but afterwards—

S. Your Advice, my Dear, is very right; but it comes a little too late.

E. But 'tis not too late to try to mend your Husband. Have you any Child by him?

S. Yes.

E. How long since?

S. Some time ago.

E. What! some Months ago?

S. About seven Months.

E. Hey dey! Why you have as good Luck as the Woman, who boasted of her having a full-grown Child in three Months Time.

S. No; mine was a little more Time than that.

E. Not if you reckon from your Wedding-day.

S. Ay! but I had seen my Husband sometime before we were married.

E. And can you breed at Sight then?

S. I don't know how 'twas; but one Day as we were sitting together on a Couch, he began playing with me, and found

found I was very ticklish; and upon that, he tickled me so much, and made me laugh to such a Degree, that I sunk backward upon the Couch; and he followed me, and kiss'd me into such a Fit of Tittering, that, I vow, I don't know what happened afterwards; only, that sometime after I began to find that my Stays sat too tight about me.

E. After this, despise your Husband if you can. Why, if he can get Children in Jest, what must he do when he comes to be in Earnest?

S. Nay, for that Matter, I believe I am breeding again.

E. That's what one may very well expect; when the Soil is good, and is well cultivated.

S. Oh! as for Cultivation, he gives me rather too much of that.

E. That's a very uncommon Complaint among us Wives. But had he promised you Marriage before this Incident of the Couch?

S. Yes, he had.

E. So much the better. And is it a Boy?

S. Yes.

E. That may help greatly towards your Reconciliation, if you will but incline to it as you should do. What sort of a Character has your Husband, among his Friends and Acquaintance?

S. They all say he's a good-natur'd, honest, friendly Man, as ever lived.

E. Then we shall certainly bring him to what we want.

S. He's ill-humour'd to no body but me.

E. Do you be good-humour'd to him in every thing; and, my Life for't, he will be good-humour'd to you. You must consider too, that he is yet but a young Man, scarce four and twenty, I think; he has not yet learnt how to behave as a Master of a Family, and in a domestic Way; You must teach him by Degrees. I hope, you have never had any Thoughts of being divorc'd?

S. That I have many and many a time.

E. If that Thought shou'd ever come into your Head again, consider with yourself, what a despicable Figure it is, that a Woman makes when she is separated from her Husband. The greatest Honour that a married Woman can have, is that of being well with her Husband. Such is the Will of Nature, and of Heaven, who has made us to be dependent upon them. Consider the true State of your Case; that you have a Husband already, and cannot have a second. Consider your little Boy,
that

that Tye of Love and Friendship between you. What must be done with that poor little Creature? Would you take him with you, and so rob your Husband of his Right in him? or would you leave him with your Husband, and rob yourself of all that Delight and Pleasure you have in seeing him?—Besides, have you any particular Enemies that wish Ill to you?

S. Yes, my own Mother-in-law, and my Husband's Mother.

E. And do they wish extremely ill to you?

S. I dare say, they would be glad to have me underground.

E. Consider then what a Pleasure it must give them, to see you separated from your Husband: A Widow before your Time; nay, one of the worst sort of Widows, those who can have no Hopes of a second Husband.

S. I do think your Advice right, but dread the Pains I must take in pursuing it.

E. And did it not cost you a great deal of Pains only to teach that Parrot there, to talk so well as he does?

S. A vast deal, that's certain.

E. And wou'd you be sparing of your Pains in reforming your Husband, to make all the rest of your Life happy? How much Labour do some People go thorough to break a young Horse, and make him fit for their Use? and shall we grudge any Labour, that may make us happy with our Husbands?

S. What can I do?

E. Just what I have told you already. Take Care that every thing is neat and handsome about your House; and that nothing appear therein, which may be disagreeable to your Husband, that he may love to be at Home. Do you always speak in an obliging manner to him, without forgetting that Respect which is due from a Wife to her Husband. Never appear sullen to him; and yet take Care of being too pert. Dress neat and clean, but not too gay. Keep a handsome Table, and be sure to order those Things in their Season, which you know your Husband is most fond of. Be always easy and obliging to his Friends, and invite them your self to dine with you, oftener than your own. At Table, behave cheerfully, and endeavour to enliven the Conversation as much as you can. And if he should take up his Fiddle to divert himself after Dinner, do you sing the Tune that he is playing; and accompany him in his Diversions. By these Means, you'll have more of his Company at Home, and prevent Expences abroad; for he will be apt to say to himself, "Sure

"*fin*

" 'tis an egregious Folly in me, to spoil my Reputation, and
 " spend my Money with Mistresses without Doors, when I
 " have a Wife at Home, that is more agreeable than they
 " and that loves more sincerely; and where I have every thing
 " handfomer, and better about me, than I have with them."

S. Do you think, that would be the Effect of it?

E. As sure as I am alive.—Well, I must go Home, and the
 next Time I come it shall be to pay your Husband a Visit, and
 to put him in Mind of his Duty and Interest, as I have
 you.

S. That's very well judg'd; but for God's Sake, don't let
 him find out what I have been saying to you; for he would tear
 the House down, if he should.

E. Never fear. I'll bring the Matter about so, that I
 will lead him to open his Complaints to me; and then will
 talk to him in so friendly and tender a manner, that I hope
 may soften and prepare him to take the Impression we both
 wish. But I shall be obliged, my Dear, to tell two or three
 great Lies for you; for I must say how fondly and lovingly I
 have heard you talk of him.

S. Heaven send us Success in our Attempt!

E. There's no Doubt of Success, if you can but bring your-
 self to act as I have told you.

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

S. I R,

AT the End of a former little Treatise upon the *Drama*,
 which you have given a Place to in your *Museum*, I
 promised some farther Observations upon the same Subject,
 which I have here accordingly sent you, drawn up as they
 occurred, without much Order or Connection.

In a Set of Letters upon our Country, that appear'd the Be-
 ginning of this Winter, written by a *Frenchman* who had re-
 sided some Time among us, there is a Remark so very singu-
 lar upon our *Drama*, and which favours so strongly of the
Frenchman, that I can't help bestowing a little Criticism upon
 it; especially as it is not by any means the only Instance, in
 which he has born too hard upon us. When I say this, I do not
 mean to detract from his Merit, of which he has a great deal,
 but am willing to impute it to that *Love of Sentiment*, which

so much distinguishes the Writings of his Countrymen, and frequently leads them into Reflections, which appear indeed pretty upon a slight Reading, but will often not bear a more serious Examination. Of this Kind is the Remark I am going to produce: I cannot immediately recollect the Author's own Words, nor the Letter in which they are to be found; but the general Purport of the Observation is, that our Plays are seldom written for Posterity, but founded usually upon some short-lived Humour among us, which in a few Years grows out of Fashion, and leaves the Play unintelligible and useless. This Piece of Criticism, if it has any Weight, can be true only of our Comedy, for it is seldom our Tragedies are of our own Growth; all our Poets, except *Shakespear*, chusing to trade for their Fables to foreign Markets, and generally fetching them far back in Antiquity from *Rome* or *Greece*, whose Languages being universal, the Chief of their Customs are sufficiently known to the learned Part of the World. But our Comedies are in general, as they ought to be, the Product of our own Country; against these therefore the ingenious Writer's Censure must be levelled, and perhaps he is angry that his Countrymen cannot get this kind of Manufacture from us as well as all others, which too there is some Prospect of their doing, for we seldom see a modern Play, but that a *French Monsieur* or *Mademoiselle* make their Appearance in some Part of it. But let us proceed to the Argument. Now the Virtues and Vices of Mankind, the proper Materials for Tragedy, are nearly the same, or suffer but few Alterations in all Ages; but their Humours and Follies, which shou'd be the Subjects of Comedy, are for ever changing their Modes, and shifting their Appearances: so that Tragedy may be written, as 'tis said, *for Posterity*, but Comedy I fear, seldom can, without many *Scholia* and Comments at the Bottom of the Page, to explain such Passages as have a mere local Application and Intendment. I am aware that *Terence* seems to make against me; but do we not owe much of that Readiness with which we read him, to our early Acquaintance with the *Roman* Customs, and which are almost as familiar to us as our own? Besides, all his Plots are Intrigues of Love, which as it is a natural Passion, must appear every where in nearly the same Shapes: but in reading the Comedies of *Aristophanes*, who ridicules the *Athenian* Follies of all kinds, both public and private, we find much more Difficulty, and are almost every Minute calling out for the Assistance of the Commentators, to help us in the Interpretation of some mysterious Passage.

Passage. The same is the Case in *Satire*, which bears a very near Resemblance to Comedy, and was the Offspring of it: And indeed if the Writers of both were to leave out these Strokes of private History and temporal Humour, tho' by that Means they might less perplex their Readers of Posterity, yet surely they wou'd deprive their present Readers of a great deal of Pleasure, and wou'd be receiv'd with much fainter Approbation: so that the whole Boast of *writing for Posterity*, seems to me to be a mere Rant of *Quixotism*. But let us enter a little deeper into this Subject, and take a short Survey of our Country in the three very different Reigns of King *James* the First, and the two *Charles's*. King *James* was a mere School Divine, given up entirely to Theological Disputation, and what Mr. *Warburton* would call, the *frigid Subtleties of School-Moonshine*. Now as the prevailing Temper of the Prince is very apt to spread itself over the Kingdom, and especially about the Court, his Nobles in Compliance with this Humour of their Master, were for ever employ'd, like *Milton's* Devils, in Reasoning

*Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Free Will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.*

If therefore a Comic Poet of this Age had with an unbiassed Freedom of Spirit, represented the Court as a mere Seat of Monkeny, the King and his Peers as a Set of *German* Theologians, it is easy to conceive how much, in following times, when this Humour was exploded, a common Reader who had dealt but little in the *English* History, must have been puzzled to account for this so strange a Representation of the *British* Court, as he wou'd think it. And yet this Representation wou'd have been extremely just, as our Reader himself, after going thro' a few Pages in some Historian, must have allow'd. —The Reign of *Charles* the First, carried these speculative Disputes and Logical Controversies into real Engagements and Decisions of the Sword; but the History of these Times is so very notorious to every Body, that I will not dwell upon it, but change the Scene at once, and introduce that sudden Alteration of Manners under King *Charles* the Second. Mr. *POPE* will paint it much better than I can possibly hope to do;

—————*When now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd,*

*In every Taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 All by the King's Example liv'd and lov'd;
 Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t'excel,
 Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
 And every flowery Courtier writ Romance.*

Now among all these Changes (and I might bring down my Observations to later Times) what kind of Rules wou'd our *French Critic* prescribe to the Comic-Writer? Is he to consider them all as fleeting Vanities, and out of a whimsical Respect to Posterity, allow them no Place in his Works? And can we suppose that an Audience, intent on the Customs of their own Times, and prepar'd to laugh at the reigning Follies, wou'd be contented with the dry Description of some standing Principles of Human Nature? The Answer, I know, will be, that 'tis unworthy of a great Genius to write for the Multitude, and that a Play ought no more than a Picture to wear the changeable Drefs of the Times. This, I am apt to think, is one Instance out of many, in which People suffer themselves to be led by Similes: For if we consider a little, the Design of a Picture is to exhibit the *Person*, not the *Dress*; and therefore if any particular Mode of it gives an ungraceful Air to the Person, or conceals some of the best Features, the Painter has undoubtedly a Right to change it into a more easy and graceful one; but the Design of *Comedy* is to represent the Manners of Men, that is the Drefs of the Times, such as it finds them, and therefore the Comic Poet is not at Liberty to use this arbitrary Power; for tho' we can allow a *Roman Drefs* to be given to the Picture of an *English Nobleman*, and even prefer it to the large Ruff and Pantaloon-Breeches of Antiquity, yet I believe few People wou'd be able to bear a *British Peer* affecting the Character and Conversation of an old Stoic Philosopher upon the Stage, unless *there was such a Species of Folly really existing among us*. If the Comic Poet dislikes any reigning Humour, he may throw it into Ridicule, and endeavour to banish it by Raillery, which is the chief Use, and shou'd be the End of Comedy; but he is not to describe the Phantoms of his own Brain, and give the Manners of one Age or Country to another, because he happens to think them more becoming. And now I am upon this Subject, I can't help observing, that the Design of collecting

lecting our old Plays, and publishing them in a regular Series, is a very good one; not only as it shews us the different Stages of Improvement in our Language, but as the Comedies in particular give us Pictures of all the little Customs and Follies that arose and disappear'd at different Times in our Island. I can receive full as much Pleasure from taking a View of my Ancestors in the private still Parts of their Lives, as from the History of their public Actions, which perhaps will not afford you half so good an Insight into their Tempers.

When I sat down to this little Dissertation, I propos'd to draw some Comparison between the antient Plays of *Rome* and *Greece*, and those of our own Country; but this first Part of my Design having carried me a greater Length than I expected, I will leave that to another Letter, and in the mean time endeavour to amuse my Reader after this dry Piece of Criticism, by attempting two burlesque Receipts for a Tragedy and Comedy, in the Manner of that in the *Bathos* for an Epic Poem.

Receipt for a TRAGEDY.

Take a Hero and a Villain, load the one with all the Virtues, and the other with all the Vices that ever were in the World; jumble them heartily together, so that sometimes the one, sometimes the other may be uppermost. Ferment the Piece well with Battles, and every now and then sprinkle in a Scene of Love; let it boil for five Acts, then stand three Days a cooling, and afterwards serve it up to the Stage.

Receipt for a COMEDY.

Take a Coquette, a Beau, a Lover, a Valet, a miserly Father, and mix them well as in the former Receipt; put in 12 Ounces of Bawdy, half a one of Wit; let the Coquette use her Lover like a Dog for a long time, then marry him unaccountably to his great Wonder and Astonishment, then put in a Song and a Dance, and you have a compleat Comedy.

ROXANA

ROXANA to PHILOCLES:

From Les Lettres Persannes.

Roxana, one of Usbeck's Wives, was found (whilst he was in Europe) in Bed with her Lover, whom she had privately let into the Seraglio; the Guardian Eunuch who discover'd them, had the Man murder'd on the Spot, and her close guarded till he receiv'd Instructions from his Master how to dispose of her. During that Interval she swallow'd Poison, and is supposed to write the following Letter whilst she is dying.

THINK not I write my Innocence to prove,
To sue for Pity, or awake thy Love:

No mean Defence expect, or abject Prayers;

Thou know'st no Mercy, and I know no Fears:

I laugh at all thy Vengeance has decreed,

Avow the Fact, and glory in the Deed.

Yes, Tyrant! I deceiv'd thy Spies and thee;

Pleas'd in Oppression! and in Bondage free:

The rigid Agents of thy cruel Laws,

By Gold I won to aid my juster Cause:

With dextrous Skill eluded all thy Care,

And acted more than Jealousy could fear:

Indued with Reason, only to fulfill

The hard Commands of thy capricious Will?

No, *Usbeck*; no, my Soul disdain'd those Laws;

And tho' I wanted Pow'r t'assert my Cause,

My Right I know; and still those Pleasures sought,

Which Justice warranted, and Nature taught:

On Custom's senseless Precepts I refin'd,

I weigh'd what Heav'n, I know what Man design'd,

And form'd by her own Rules my freeborn Mind.

Thus

Thus whilst this wretched Body own'd thy Power,
 Doom'd unredress'd, its Hardships to deplore;
 My Soul, subservient to herself alone,
 And Reason independent on her Throne,
 Contemn'd thy Dictates, and obey'd their own;
 Yet thus far to my Conduct Thanks are due;
 At least I condescended to seem true;
 Endeavour'd still my Sentiments to hide,
 Indulg'd thy Vanity, and sooth'd thy Pride;
 Tho' this Submission to a Tyrant paid,
 Whom not my Duty, but my Fears obey'd,
 If rightly weigh'd, would more deserve thy Blame,
 Who call it Virtue, but profane her Name;
 For to the World I should have own'd that Love,
 Which all impartial Judges must approve:
 You urg'd a Right to tyrannize my Heart,
 Which he soliciting, assail'd by Art,
 Whilst I, impatient of the Name of Slave,
 To Force refus'd what I to Merit gave.
 Oft, as thy Slaves this wretched Body led
 To the detested Pleasures of thy Bed;
 In those soft Moments, consecrate to Joy,
 Which Extasy and Transport should employ;
 Clasp'd in your Arms, you wonder'd still to find
 So cold my Kisses, so compos'd my Mind.
 But had thy cheated Eyes discern'd aright,
 You'd found Aversion where you sought Delight,
 Not that my Soul incapable of Love,
 No Charms could warm, no Tenderness could move;
 For him, whose Love my ev'ry Thought possess'd,
 A fiercer Passion fill'd this constant Breast
 Than Truth e'er felt, or Falsehood e'er profess'd.
 This Style unusual to thy Pride appears,
 For Truth's a Stranger to the Tyrant's Ears;

But

BUT what have I to manage or to dread?
 Nor Threats alarm, nor Insults hurt the Dead:
 No Wrongs they feel, no Miseries they find;
 Cares are the Legacies we leave behind:
 In the calm Grave no *Unlocks* we deplore,
 No Tyrant Husband, no oppressive Pow'r.
 Alas! I faint—Death intercepts the rest:
 The venom'd Drug is busy in my Breast:
 Each Nerve's unstrung: A Mist obscures the Day:
 My Senses, Strength, and ev'n my Hate decay:
 Tho' Rage awhile the ebbing Spirits stay'd,
 'Tis past—they sink beneath the transient Aid.
 Take then, inhuman Wretch! my last Farewell;
 Pain be thy Portion here, hereafter, Hell!
 And when our Prophet shall my Fate decree,
 Be any Curse my Punishment but Thee!

An Brutum fit Machina?

WHAT Hero, or what Nymph with Eye celestial,
 Bright as the Lamp of Day, delights your Muse
 To grace with charming Numbers; that forbid
 The list'ning Winds to fly? Or do you chuse
 Beneath the Shade of some cool Arboret
 To chaunt the happy Fair in graceful Measures
 With Voice seraphick? Happy, cou'd I hear
 The various Sounds, and Musick's softest Language.

Me, young to Knowledge, yet Desire impetuous
 Urges, and Thirst insatiable, to search
 The secret Springs of Nature. If Impatience
 For Knowledge be of criminal Import,
 Forgive me, Heaven! If not, indulge me farther
 Th' agreeable Uneasiness. To search

The Order of her Wanderings : How the Eye
Takes in the largest Prospect, unconfus'd,
Amidst grateful Variety. Or whence
From distant Objects, Rivers, Mountains, Lawns,
And woody interspers'd, she learns to paint
The faithful Images ; or whence she spreads
On every Figure the delightful Cheat
Of Colours, Creature of th' imbody'd Mind.

But chiefly where to fix the various World
Of Creatures animate, or more contiguous
To Man, or less remov'd from Things insensible,
I thoughtful meditate. This, when the Moon
Drives on the silent Chariot of the Night :
This, when the East recalls the dewy Morn.

The Case lies deep ; whether we wisely trust
The Actions of the Brute ; and justly say
He feels, and foes, and fears ; as the Inlets
Prepar'd for Senses, and the strong Expression
Of inward Passions wou'd persuade. Or whether
All things pass unperceiv'd, and blank beside them.

If, when the circling Hare with artful Error
Perplexes every Step, or drives away
Swift as that Eastern Wind, we say she moves
By Will, or with Design, nay that she sees
The dewy Plain fly back beneath her Feet ;
We say she has a Soul ; an immaterial
Fountain of Thought or Action. Let such beware ;
Cautious, lest they unjustly dispossess
An heavenly Inhabitant : and let loose
A Soul erratic thro' the Fields of Air.

Were the Mind free from Custom's growing Power,
And Sense, the busy Enemy of Thought,
To hear herself, we might declare the Brute

Devoid of Sense; nor wonder, that they act
 With seeming Choice, or Passion; or Design;
 Since the great Cause may always actuate
 The Springs of the Machine; or recollect
 Their Motions to one End. One Law perhaps
 From the first Mover given, may determine
 All that Variety of Action: As the Stone
 Descends by steady Rules, to Animals
 Continuance of themselves, and of the Class
 In which they're rank'd, may be that steady Rule.

Now think how many Actions are perform'd
 This side Intelligence. In Man himself
 The Blood with regular Confusion runs
 Its circulary Course, by Nature led
 To make the vital Heat: or give the *Fœtus*
 Soft Nurture in its most precarious Hours
 Of Being, when she asks a tender Nurse,
 And Nature's gentlest Hand. All perform'd
 The Mind unconscious, unassisting; a Work
 Too nice for Minds, if conscious and assisting.

If Beasts shew Passions, even Herbs pretend
 Love and Aversion. See the willing Vine,
 With Spray tenacious, hastens to embrace
 The hospitable Elm. The Plains of *Silsam*,
 Frequent in Palms, oft see the widow'd Plant
 Repine, and weep away its verdant Being.
 The Cinnamon flies the Sun; or Flower or Green
 Sickeneth beneath the Cypress conic Shade
 And baleful Yew. Why shou'd I speak of Metals
 And Mineral Passions? These the Chymist oft
 Admiring views, and searches all in vain
 Their various Appetites to Mixture; Seeds
 Agreeing or averse. Nor need I mention
 That sympathetic Stone, the faithful Guide

Of Mariners benighted, far at Sea
In the mid Ocean; when the mingling Tempest,
Eurus and *Auster*, and the blustry North,
Tear up the foamy Deep; and the thick Darkness
Forbids the wary Pilot to observe
Arcturus and the weeping *Pleiades*,
Or *Argos* and the Southern Serpent's Course,
Stars not his own. This his Security:
Sometimes as certain Ruin. When his Vessel
Coasting by *Malabar*, superb of Ornaments
In Gold, and Work emboss'd, with a brisk Gale
Cuts thro' the Waves, and sees the distant Hills,
And floating Woods, and moving Shore recede:
Then if it dare approach with swelling Sails
Some Promontory, jutting o'er the Sea,
Fraught with electric Power and ripening Veins
Of this attractive Mineral; whilst perhaps
He hop'd an Harbour, the pale Mariner
Sees all aghast, (as Travellers relate)
Th' obedient Iron wing'd at Nature's Call,
Dart from the Keel and Helm. At once the Ship
Ungirt of all its Strength subsides; at once
They sink beneath the Depths. Unhappy Men!
So soon ingulph'd in such an hideous Ruin.

Why then must Action argue Sense? To Fools
Brutes seem to act: So do the moving Figures
Of manag'd Wood to Children; when the Kings
Fictitious, nicely shap'd from *British* Forests,
Strut thro' their little Peers: or *Charlemain*,
With alien Voice gives forth his hoarse Commands;
And bears the Scepter which his Grandfire bore:
Whilst all the Crowd look busy, and industrious
T' observe the Monarch and his great Behests.

Thus haply Men with Ideot Admiration
 Gaze on the World of Animals, much surpriz'd
 At Acts not their own; whilst the great Mover,
 Which active every where, each flowing Moment
 Supplies their wakeful Energy and Powers
 To second Causes, may as well supply
 To the brute Creature ignorant of Spirit,
 Its Movements and its Passions; fitly rank'd
 A Vegetable of a nobler Order:
 By mortal Man call'd *Animal*, in appearance
 Acting; by Angels term'd a *moving Plant*.

ANACREONTIC.

On the SPRING.

AS o'er the varied Meads I stray,
 Or trace thro' winding Woods my Way,
 While opening Flow'rs their Sweets exhale,
 And Odours breathe in ev'ry Gale:
 Or stretch'd beneath the Beechen Shade,
 Desery from far the sunny Glade;
 Where sage Contentment builds her Seat,
 And Peace attends the calm Retreat;
 The Soul responsive hails the Scene,
 Attun'd to Joy and Peace within.
 But musing on the lib'ral Hand,
 That scatters Blessings o'er the Land;
 That gives for Man, with Pow'r divine,
 The Earth to teem, the Sun to shine;
 The grateful Mind with Rapture burns,
 And *Pleasure* to *Devotion* turns.

LITERARY MEMOIRS.

The Plan of a DICTIONARY of the English Language, addressed to the Right Honourable PHILIP DORMER Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. London, printed for J. and P. Knapton, T. Longman, and T. Shewell, C. Hitch, A. Millar, and R. Doddsley, 1747. 4to. 34 Pages.

THIS Performance, small and short as it seems, has excited great Expectation, and which in the present Age is a much more unusual Thing, has given universal Satisfaction. The ingenious Author Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, has employed a great deal of Time upon the Work, of which he has given us this Plan; and indeed there never was a Work undertaken that better deserved such a previous Specimen of the Author's Design and Abilities. We have been so long used to see pompous Titles thrown abroad as Snares only to catch the beneficent Friends of Literature, that in a Point of so great Importance as a *Dictionary of the English Language*, it was fit we should have some better Security than what is commonly given in Proposals. The Author foresaw this, and like a Man of Sense and Judgment, has put it in the Power of the Public to discover what sort of Book he intends to give them, and how capable he is of executing, even to its minutest Particulars, that Plan which, I verily believe, no Man but himself could have drawn.

The great Importance and general Usefulness of such a Body of Language, appeared so clearly to the noble Person to whom this Plan is addressed, that he signified a Willingness of becoming its Patron, from that unaffected Flow of public Spirit, which has ever animated his Conduct. Our Author speaks of this Mark of his Favour in Terms equally worthy of the Writer himself, and of him to whom he writes; and after a very short, but very expressive Complement, takes occasion, by an easy and natural Transition, to enter upon Business immediately, and to give his Reader a View of the intended Work. The Quotation of these Passages will give much more Pleasure than any Account of them,

“ How

“ How far, says he, speaking to his Lordship, this unexpected Distinction can be rated among the happy Incidents of Life, I am not yet able to determine. Its first Effect has been to make me anxious, lest it should fix the Attention of the Public too much upon me; and, as it once happened to an Epic Poet of *France*, by raising the Reputation of the Attempt, obstruct the Reception of the Work. I imagine what the World will expect from a Scheme prosecuted under your Lordship's Influence; and I know that Expectation, when her Wings are once expanded, easily reaches Heights which Performance never will attain, and when she has mounted the Summit of Perfection, derides her Follower, who dies in the Pursuit.

“ Not therefore to raise Expectation, but to repress it, I here lay before your Lordship the Plan of my Undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend, and that before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new Method, I may be advertised of its Defects or Superfluities. Such Informations I may justly hope from the Emulation with which those who desire the Praise of Elegance and Discernment, must contend in the Promotion of a Design that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to share your Attention with Treaties and with Wars.

“ In the first Attempt to methodize my Ideas, I found a Difficulty which extended itself to the whole Work. It was not easy to determine by what Rule of Distinction the Words of this *Dictionary* were to be chosen. The chief Intent of it is to preserve the Purity and ascertain the Meaning of the *English* Idiom; and this seems to require nothing more than that our Language be considered, so far as it is our own, that the Words and Phrases used in the general Intercourse of Life, or found in the Works of those whom we commonly stile polite Writers, be selected, without including the Terms of particular Professions; since with the Arts to which they relate they are generally derived from other Nations, and are very often the same in all the Languages of this Part of the World. This is perhaps the exact and pure Idea of a Grammatical Dictionary; but in Lexicography, as in other Arts, naked Science is too delicate for the Purposes of Life. The Value of a Work must be estimated by its Use. It is not enough that a Dictionary delights the Critic, unless at the same time it instructs the Learner; as it is to little purpose that an Engine amuses the Philosopher, by the Subtilty of its Mechanism, if it requires so much Knowledge in its Application,

“ Application, as to be of no Advantage to the common
“ Workman.

“ The Title which I prefix to my Work has long conveyed
“ a very miscellaneous Idea, and they that take a Dictionary
“ into their Hands have been accustomed to expect from it a
“ Solution of almost every Difficulty. If foreign Words there-
“ fore were rejected, it could be little regarded, except by Cri-
“ tics, or those who aspire to Criticism; and however it might
“ enlighten those that write, would be all Darkness to them
“ that only read. The Unlearned much oftener consult their
“ Dictionaries for the Meaning of Words, than for their
“ Structures or Formations; and the Words that most want
“ Explanation are generally Terms of Art, which therefore
“ Experience has taught my Predecessors to spread with a kind
“ of pompous Luxuriance over their Productions.”

After settling the various Classes of Words, which are to be comprehended in his Work, our Author proceeds to shew the Rules he means to follow in respect to Orthography, and declares, that the present Usage, where it can be distinguished, will be generally followed; but hints at the same time, that there will be often occasion to observe that it is in itself inaccurate, and tolerated rather than chosen. “ Closely connected
“ with Orthography, says he, is Pronunciation, the Stability
“ of which is of great Importance to the Duration of the Lan-
“ guage; because the first Change will naturally begin by Cor-
“ ruptions in the living Speech. The want of certain Rules
“ for the Pronunciation of former Ages, has made us wholly
“ ignorant of the metrical Art of our ancient Poets; and since
“ those who study their Sentiments regret the Loss of their
“ Numbers, it is surely time to provide that the Harmony
“ of the Moderns may be more permanent.” The Reader will observe, that our Author does not propose to alter or amend, but to fix our Pronunciation; a Thing wished in all Ages, but hitherto unattempted in any.

When the Orthography and Pronunciation are adjusted, the Etymology or Derivation is next to be considered, and the Words distinguished according to their different Classes, whether simple or compound, primitive or derivative. The Method he proposes for doing this is the most just and natural that can be imagined, and the Complement he pays to such as have gone before him in this Road, is what might be expected from a Man whose good Sense has taught him good Manners, from one who is not ashamed to own, that he has sought Assistance from the Works of other Men, and who has too much Gratitude not to
confess

confess that he has found it. When the Etymology is adjusted, the Analogy of our Language is next to be considered. When we have discovered whence our Words are derived, we are to examine by what Rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various Terminations. These in the *English* Tongue are but few, yet those few have hitherto remained unregarded by the Writers of our Dictionaries. Our Author proposes to supply this Defect; and what he says upon this, as upon every other Subject, is curious, useful and entertaining.

But after all this he confesses, that the great Labour is yet to come, the Labour of interpreting these Words and Phrases with Brevity, Fullness and Perspicuity, a Task of which the Extent and Intricacy is sufficiently shewn, by the Miscarriage of those who have generally attempted it. He proposes for this a Method equally perspicuous and pleasant; he promises not barely to explain Titles of Dignity, or Instruments of Philosophy, but to spend also a few Lines upon the Invention, Construction and Principles of the last, and of the Origin and Privileges annexed to the former. "It not to be expected (says he) that with the Explanation of the one the Herald should be satisfied, or the Philosopher with the other; but since it will be required by common Readers, that the Explication should be sufficient for common Use, and since without some Attention to such Demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined (continues he) to consult the best Writers for Explanations, real as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at last have Reason to say, after one of the Augmentors of *Furetier*, that my Book is more learned than its Author."

He proposes not only to explain the natural and primitive Signification of Words, but also their consequential Meanings, the metaphorical Senses in which they are used, their accidental and remoter Significations, together with their poetical and familiar Senses, and even such as are peculiar to very great Authors. He speaks lastly, of the Distribution of Words into their proper Classes, such as Words of general Use, Words employed chiefly in Poetry, Words obsolete, Words which are admitted only by particular Writers, Words used only in Burlesque Writing, and Words impure and barbarous. By this Method, as he very justly observes, every Word will have its History, and the Reader will be inform'd of the gradual Changes of the Language, and have before his Eyes the Rise of some Words, and the Fall of others. Such are the Out-lines of this

excellent

excellent Project, which having laid down with equal Accuracy and Elegance, he thus addresses himself to his Patron. "This, my Lord, is my Idea of an *English* Dictionary, a Dictionary by which the Pronunciation of our Language may be fixed, and its Attainment facilitated, by which its Purity may be preserved, its Use ascertain'd, and its Duration lengthen'd. And though perhaps to correct the Language of Nations by Books of Grammar, and amend their Manner by Discourses of Morality, may be Tasks equally difficult; yet as it is unavoidable to wish, it is natural likewise to hope that your Lordship's Patronage may not be wholly lost, that it may contribute to the Preservation of antient, and the Improvement of modern Writers, that it may promote the Reformation of those Translators, who for want of Understanding the characteristical Difference of Tongues, have formed a chaotic Dialect of heterogenous Phrases, and awaken to the Care of purer Diction some Men of Genius, whose Attention to Argument makes them negligent of Style, or whose rapid Imagination, like the *Peruvian* Torrents, when it brings down Gold mingles it with Sand."

When I determin'd to mention this Performance and its Author in the *Museum*, it was not from any vain Conceit of my own Capacity of recommending either, my utmost Ambition is to congratulate the Public upon both. Upon a Work of the greatest Importance, of general Utility, which has been long expected, and for sometime despaired of, upon a Work which of all others we most want, and which of all others therefore we should wish to see well performed. Upon an Author who has given us sufficient Earnest of his having all the Abilities necessary to so great, so arduous an Undertaking; and who by shewing how much he is a Master of our Language, convinces us that it is improbable, if not impossible, that he should mislead his Scholars. As to the Industry, Diligence, and Application, which from the very View of his Plan, we cannot but see that such a Work as this requires; those who know the Author, are well satisfied that he possesses them in their utmost Extent, and that his Care and Circumspection are not at all inferior to his Capacity. If in the Conduct of this Part of the *Museum*, I could flatter myself with having obtained any Reputation, I would readily stake it with the Public on his Behalf; but when it is consider'd how nobly he has begun the Honour that has been done him by his Patron, incapable of giving Countenance to any thing but Merit, and the Glory

that must result from accomplishing what he has proposed, there can be no doubt of his persisting to the End with the same Accuracy, the same Spirit, and the same Dignity, which enlivens his Specimen throughout, and which has justly gain'd it, the Character of the compleatest Thing of its Kind that ever appear'd.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

The present Situation of Things in Italy truly stated with respect to the Power, Interest, and political Connellions of the several States that still subsist there, so as to give a clear Idea of the Nature and Importance of what is commonly stiled, the Ballance of Power in Italy.

Of the King of SARDINIA, Duke of SAVOY, &c.

THE great and fruitful Country of *Italy* has been as high as History records, either the Seat of Empire, or the Theatre of War. According to the earliett Accounts we have, this extensive and beautiful Peninsula was then, in the same Situation that it now is, cantoned out into various little States and Republics, all living in Distrust, at least, if not in War with each other. The *Roman* Commonwealth changed the Face of things, by swallowing up all, and making herself the Heir and Mistress of *Italy*. The Division of her Empire prov'd the Ruin of it, and the Provinces adjacent to *Italy* being lost, the barbarous Nations that conquer'd them, very soon became Masters even of the Imperial City of *Rome*, and divided *Italy* once more into sepearte Principalities; all of which have been extremely subject to Revolutions, sometimes from the superior Power of foreign Invaders, and as often from the Effects of intestine Commotions; so that no History is fuller of Events, and consequently more capable of gratifying the Curiosity, and fixing the Attention of a Reader, than that of this Country. But to enter into this is not our Business, it would be a Work of great Extent, and prodigious Variety, highly entertaining, and highly useful. All we aim at is, to make such a Representation of its present State, as may enable every Reader clearly to comprehend the Grounds of the present War there,

and to form a true Judgment of the Solidity of any Peace that shall be made hereafter. This too is a Work of Difficulty, more especially if it be considered, into how narrow a Compass we are constrained to bring what might furnish the Subject of a Book of considerable Bulk, which must be considered as our Excuse for treating things very concisely; happy if in doing this, we can avoid Obscurity and Confusion.

The Dominions of his *Sardinian Majesty*, consider'd as Duke of *Savoy*, and Prince of *Piedmont*, have been always regarded as the Key of *Italy*, on the Side of *France*; and in later Times this Prince has been justly looked upon as the natural Master of the Balance in *Italy*; not that his Dominions even now, when by various Acquisitions they are become much superior to what they were under any of his Ancestors, qualify him to give Law to his Neighbours, or even to secure himself from the bad Effects of a general Alliance against him; but upon the Score of its being his Interest to affect Peace rather than War; and because while he remains firm to his own Interest, Reason and Experience show, that he will never want Allies willing to give him all the Assistance he wants for the Preservation of his own Territories, and maintaining that System, upon which their Security and his own Grandeur must always depend. To trace the Family of *Savoy* to its Origin, and to enter into a long Detail of what has happen'd to its Princes in Times past, would not contribute much to the Performance of what we have promised to the Reader; and therefore we shall ascend no higher than *Victor Amadeus* the Second, the Father of his present *Sardinian Majesty*, and who in his Lifetime was esteemed one of the greatest Captains, as well as one of the ablest Politicians in *Europe*.

He succeeded his Father Duke *Charles Emanuel*, in the Year 1675, and that by a very surprizing Accident. He was a Boy, and had just begun his Exercises; his Father, who had a true Foresight of his great Qualities, was extremely fond of him, and coming one Day to see him ride, the young Prince had the Misfortune to be thrown from his Horse, with such a Violence that those about him cried out he was killed, which affected Duke *Charles Emanuel* to such a degree, that he fainted upon the Spot, and died in a few Days of the Fright. His Mother, the Dutchess Dowager of *Savoy*, governed his Dominions during the Minority of *Victor Amadeus*; and when he had attained to an Age fit for Marriage, she negotiated a Match for him with the Infanta, who was then esteemed Heiress of the King-

dom of *Portugal*, which was carried so far, that the Duke *de Cadaval* came with a *Portuguese* Squadron, to *Nice*, in order to have carried his Highness to *Lisbon*. But the young Prince suspecting that he might lose his hereditary Countries, and possibly miss of the foreign Crown he was seeking, changed his Mind suddenly, and broke off the Marriage. Some time after he espoused *Anna Maria of Orleans*, the eldest Daughter of *Philip of Orleans*, only Brother to the late *Lewis XIV.* and *Henrietta Maria*, Daughter of our King *Charles I.* So that he became nearly allied to our Royal Family; and his Son, the present King of *Sardinia*, is the first Prince of the Popish Line, after the Heir's-Male of the House of *Stuart*, but excluded from this Succession by the Act of Settlement.

It was in virtue of this Marriage that in the Beginning of his Reign the Duke of *Savoy* went into the Measures of *France*, and at the Instigation of *Lewis XIV.* began a violent Persecution against his Protestant Subjects in the Vallies, about the Year 1615, which threw his whole Country into Blood and Confusion. But it was not long before he perceived his Error, and that nothing could be so fatal to a Prince as depriving himself of a great Part of his Subjects. He was also convinced that the *French* Monarch meant him no better than the rest of his Neighbours; and therefore when the first grand Alliance was formed at the *Hague* in 1690, he took care to be included in it, and ventured so far as to stake his Dominions, to preserve his Independency. His Success in that War was but indifferent; his Troops were not so well disciplined as those of *France*, and he had not himself acquired that Experience in the Art of War, for which he became afterwards so remarkable. He persisted however in his Purpose, though he lost the Battle of *Staffard*, and most of the strong Towns in his Dominions that Year. But in the next the *French* were baffled before *Coni*; and the Duke, to shew that he was not so despicable an Enemy as the Grand Monarch imagined, made an Irruption into *Dauphiné*, where he took *Gap* and *Ambrun*, and then returned into his own Dominions. This Incurſion had its Effect; for in 1693, *Lewis XIV.* proposed, and the Duke accepted a separate Peace, by which *Nice*, *Susa*, *Villafranca*, and *Montmilian*, were restored to him; as was also *Pignerol*, but the *French* thought fit to demolish it first. He obtained also three Vallies, and a very considerable Sum of Money, as a Compensation for the Loss he had sustained by the War.

To attach him more firmly to his Interest, the *French* King consented that the Duke of *Burgundy*, his eldest Grandson, should

should marry the eldest Daughter of the Duke, and that his Highness should command his Troops in *Italy* against his old Allies. After the general Peace, there happened some new Differences between him and *France*, which were compromised by another Treaty in 1701, when the most Christian King thought nothing could strengthen the Interest of *Philip* Duke of *Anjou*, whom he had declared King of *Spain*, so much as marrying into the House of *Savoy*; and therefore he consented to his Match with the second Daughter of the Duke; and it was at the same time agreed, that in case of a War, his Highness should be Generalissimo of the Army of the two Crowns in *Italy*.

By this Step the Politicians at *Versailles* imagined that they had carried two great Points, that of fixing the House of *Savoy* for ever in its Dependence upon the *Bourbon* Family, and providing for the Defence of the *Spanish* Dominions in *Italy*, by putting them under the Protection of the only Power whereby they could be hurt, and it is very highly probable that this Scheme of theirs would have taken place in its full Extent, if *Louvois*, who had then the greatest Credit with *Lewis XIV.* had not overturned it. He had conceived an unreasonable and a very unaccountable Distaste to the Duke of *Savoy*, and from the Brutality of his own Temper, was so far from concealing, that he expressed it in Terms so gross and so abusive, that no Gentleman could have borne, and which therefore it was impossible that a Sovereign Prince should not resent. *Victor Amadeus* considered, that if his close Alliance with the House of *Bourbon* could not defend him from such Treatment, his Successors, when the Power of that House should be more extended than it was, would sink into a degree of Dependence more uneasy and not less dishonourable than downright Subjection; he took therefore the glorious Resolution of forgetting the Ties of natural Affection for his Daughters, that he might support the Dignity derived to him from his Ancestors, and leave his Posterity as free as, in spite of the Difficulties they had to struggle with, those Ancestors had left him. Such were the Motives that threw him into the second Grand Alliance, though at the Beginning Things did not seem to go much better than when he entered into the first. The *French* were every where superior, he was surrounded by them on all sides, his Friends were at a distance, and it required a good deal of Time before they would be able to act. No Prince could know this better than he, yet he prosecuted his Plan, and what he had concerted with the Wisdom of a Politician, he supported with the Magnanimity of a Hero.

The

The *French King* was no sooner acquainted with, or rather no sooner suspected his Royal Highness's Design, than he caused a great Body of his Troops which had joined the *French Army* to be seized and disarmed; he sent the *Duke de Vendôme* into *Piedmont*, who took *Verceil* on one Side, while another Body of *French Troops* became Masters of *Susa*; all *Savoy* was conquer'd, and the important Fortrefs of *Montmilian* demolished. The County of *Nice* was reduced soon after, and the greatest Part of *Piedmont* by Degrees; at last *Turin* was invested, and the Duke saw himself upon the very Point of losing every Foot of Ground he had. He bore his Misfortunes with Patience, he took his Measures with Prudence, and with great Generosity of Soul rejected the Terms that *Lewis XIV.* would have prescribed with this remarkable Expression, that it was better for a Prince to starve with Honour than reign with Shame. The Imperial Army designed, for the Relief of *Turin* was commanded by a Prince of his own House, the Great *Eugene*. His March appear'd wonderful both to Friends and Enemies, and when he arrived in *Italy*, his Army was so much inferior to that of the Enemy, that the *French* boasted he had taken so much Pains, and run so many Hazards merely to sacrifice them. Their Triumph was but short; the Prince attacked the Duke of *Orleans* in his Lines before *Turin*, beat him, and by a single Victory recover'd *Piedmont*, and saved *Italy*. This was in 1706; the very next Year the Duke invaded *France* in his Turn, forced the Passage of the *Var*, marched directly through *Provence*, and formed the Siege of *Toulon*, which miscarried by Accidents; which would require too much Room to relate. One Thing is remarkable, the *French* with a Fury more than barbarous, had destroy'd all his fine Walks, and cut down all his fair Plantations near *Turin*; he had an Opportunity of returning this Compliment in *Provence*, by destroying their Mulberry, their Olive Trees, and their Capers; but he disdain'd it, and on the contrary, took all the Pains imaginable to protect them. He continued the War with his own Forces, and obliged the *French* to keep an Army on that Side constantly to prevent his Irruptions, which weaken'd their Forces elsewhere.

At the Conclusion of the Treaty of *Utrecht*, the late Queen *Anne* insisted upon the Cession to him of the Kingdom of *Sicily*, and took care that the Crown of *Spain*, failing the Heirs of *Philip V.* should be entailed upon this Prince. *France* restored to him the Dutchy of *Savoy* and the County of *Nice*, and yielded

yielded to him likewise in Perpetuity the Valley of *Pragelas*, with the Forts of *Exilles* and *Fenestraler*, with the Valleys of *Ouz*, *Bardonache* and *Chateau Dauphin*; but on the other hand, he yielded the Valley of *Barcelonnette* to the Crown of *France*. His Most Christian Majesty likewise confirmed the Cessions that were made by the Emperor, of a Part of *Montserrat*, the Provinces of *Alexandria* and *Valentia*, the Countries between the *Po* and the *Tenaro*, the *Lomelin*, the Valley of *Sessia*, and the Equivalent that was to be given for *Vigevanasco*. All this contributed to make the King of *Sicily*, as he was now stiled a very considerable Prince, and he would have soon become much more considerable, if he had remained longer in Possession of *Sicily*, where he began to make himself very agreeable to the People, by supporting the Authority of the Civil Government against the Clergy, who made use of their too great Wealth and Privileges to oppress and pillage the People. He had not time however, as we have hinted, to bring his Designs to bear; the *Spaniards*, on the one hand, could not endure that he should keep that Island, and the late Emperor *Charles VI.* on the other, kept up his Claim to it, and resolved to take the first Opportunity that should offer of reuniting it to his Kingdom of *Naples*.

The Lovers of secret History have reported, that *Spain* offer'd to King *Victor Amadeus*, an Expedient for drawing him out of these Difficulties, which was, the driving the *Imperialists* out of *Italy*, and then granting him all that he could desire or expect; but they say likewise, that *Spain* insisted upon having the Prince of *Piedmont* deliver'd as a Hostage, which the King excused, upon account of the Tenderness the Queen his Mother had for that Prince; but at the same time offer'd the Prince *de Carignan* in his Stead, which was accepted; but when the Time came for the Delivery it was said, that Prince had made his Escape, and was retir'd into *France*, which so irritated the Court of *Madrid*, that they immediately resolv'd upon the Invasion of *Sicily*. That there was a Negotiation set on Foot between this Monarch and the *Spanish* Court, I do not at all doubt; but as to the Tale of his giving Hostages, I look upon it as a Chimera, *Victor Amadeus* was of another Temper than to sacrifice the Safety of his Heir Apparent, or any Prince of his Family, in such a manner. The Use he made of that Treaty was to amuse the *Spanish* Ministers, and gain Time to take the best Measures possible, which after mature Deliberation, he judg'd was striking in with his old Allies, who about this Time concluded the Quadruple Alliance.

All

All he could obtain was the Exchange of *Sicily* for *Sardinia*, which tho' a very great Loss, was better than having nothing; but in a little Time it seem'd very doubtful whether he would be able to keep this, the *Spaniards* making themselves entirely Masters of it; at the same Time that they attacked and conquer'd a great Part of *Sicily*. These Events pass'd in the Year 1718, when the Affairs of our Monarch wore but an indifferent Aspect, till Sir *George Byng* having entirely destroy'd the *Spanish Fleet*, put it in the Power of the *Imperialists* to make themselves Masters of *Sicily*; and so far check'd the Ambition, and humbled the Power of the *Catholick King*, that he was once more content to abandon *Sardinia*, which in Consequence of the Alliance before-mention'd, was deliver'd up to *Victor Amadeus*, who bore ever after the Title of his *Sardinian Majesty*, and has continued also in Possession of that Island, which is situate very near his other Dominions, and is very far from being an inconsiderable Acquisition; tho' certainly much inferior to the noble Kingdom of *Sicily*, that for the present fell under Dominion of the Emperor, and continued so many Years after, till in Consequence of the Resentments of his present *Sardinian Majesty*, it was once again recover'd by the *Bourbon Family*, and is now in their Possession.

The END of NUMBER XXXVI.

